

THE ACADEMY

AND

LITERATURE

No. 2212

[Registered as a
Newspaper.]

SEPTEMBER 26, 1914

PRICE THREEPENCE

This Number contains the following Special Articles :

THE PUBLISHING SEASON AND THE WAR.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE KAISER.

AUSTRALIA'S PROBLEM.

HOPPERS IN WAR TIME.

PATRIOTIC POETS.

THE ARMY AND NAVY GAZETTE

CONTAINS EVERY WEEK :—

**A Full Summary of the movements of
all the Armies concerned.**

**Articles written by a Staff of Naval and
Military Officers dealing with the
Operations on Sea and Land.**

**All the Latest News communicated and
commented upon by experienced
observers.**

6d. weekly.

Subscription 7s. per quarter, post free.

Offices:

22, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

THE BEST WAR ARTICLES

appear every week

in

The Outlook

PRICE SIXPENCE WEEKLY

OF ALL NEWSAGENTS

Offices—167, STRAND, W.C.

TO AUTHORS.—Publisher of Fiction, Poetry, and General Literature, preparing attractive list for issue on Abatement of War Fever, is open to consider MSS.—Letters in the first instance to "CATALOGUE," C/r The Malory Press, Malory House, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, W.C.

JOURNALISTIC and SECRETARIAL TRAINING for LADIES. Rapid, systematic coaching. Six months' course from any date. Excellent introductions given. Telephone or write, the TRIANGLE SECRETARIAL OFFICES, 61, South Molton Street, W.

MS. Revised and Corrected by Qualified Author. Typewriting if required.—GARRETT, 8, Brussels Rd., Clapham Junction.

TYPEWRITING promptly and accurately done. 10d. per 1,000 words. Specimens and references.—Address, Miss MESSER, The Orchard, Cotterill Road, Surbiton, S.W.

BARGAINS IN BOOKS.—Kipling's Complete Works, 25 vols., half calf, gilt, fine set, £12 12s.; Hamilton's Parodies, 6 vols., £2 10s.; Lea's Sacerdotal Celibacy, 2 vols., 6s. 6d.; Hughes' Dictionary of Islam, 25s.; Aldington's trans. Golden Ass of Apollonius, 6s. 6d.; Thackeray's Centenary Biographical Edition, 26 vols., £6 6s.; Barringtons' Graham of Claverhouse, 30s. net, for 10s. 6d.; Joly's Legend in Japanese Art, £2 2s.; Morrison Painters of Japan, 2 vols., £2 10s.; Slaters' Engravings and their Values, 1912, 18s.; Chaffer's Marks and Monograms on Pottery and Porcelain, 1912, 42s.; Grimm's Fairy Tales, large paper, illus. by Rackham, £2 2s.; Proc. Inst. Civil Engineers, 142 vols., cloth, £16 16s.; Porter's Knights of Malta, 1858, 2 vols., £3 3s.; Burton's Arabian Nights, 17 vols., illustrated, £17 17s.; Gould's History Freemasonry, 3 thick vols., morocco binding, £2 2s., cost £6 6s.; James' Painters and Their Works, 3 vols., £3 3s.; Habershon Records of Old London, Vanished and Vanishing, coloured plates, folio, £2 2s.; Yeats' Collected Works, 8 vols., £3 3s.; Walpole's Letters, large paper, 16 vols., £7 10s.; Oscar Wilde, by L. E. Ingleby, 12s. 6d., for 4s. 6d.; Ditchfield Vanishing England, 15s., for 6s. 6d.; Landor's Lhasa, 2 vols., new, 42s., for 14s.; Spenser's Faerie Queene, 2 vols., Cambridge University Press, £3 13s. 6d., for 32s. Will take any good books in exchange for above.—BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

The Academy

PRICE THREEPENCE.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION: Inland, 15s. post free.
Foreign and Colonial, 17s. 6d. post free.

To the MANAGER,

63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C.

Please send me THE ACADEMY for the next

.....months.

I enclose remittance value

Name and description of addressing

Address

Letters to Certain Eminent Authors

BY CARNEADES, Junior,

appeared in THE ACADEMY as follows:

No. 1. Mr. Hall Caine (April 11). No. 2. Miss Marie Corelli (April 18). No. 3. Mr. Arnold Bennett (April 25). No. 4. Mr. H. G. Wells (May 2). No. 5. Mr. Rudyard Kipling (May 9). No. 6. Sir Rider Haggard (May 16). No. 7. Mr. Henry James (May 23). No. 8. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (May 30). No. 9. Mr. Thomas Hardy (June 6). No. 10. Mr. A. C. Benson (June 13). No. 11. Sir Gilbert Parker (June 20). No. 12. Viscount Morley (June 27). No. 13. Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer (July 4). No. 14. Mr. Archibald Marshall (July 11). No. 15. Mr. A. E. W. Mason (July 18). No. 16. Mr. E. Temple Thurston (July 25). No. 17. Mr. Maurice Hewlett (August 1). No. 18. Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim (August 8). No. 19. Mr. Norman Angell (August 15). No. 20. Mr. John Galsworthy (August 22).

Back numbers may be had price 3½d. post free.

THE ACADEMY

contained:—

SEPTEMBER 5th:

An Open Letter to
ADMIRAL JELlicoe
With Special Supplement Portrait.

SEPTEMBER 12th:

An Open Letter to
LORD KITCHENER
and
A Special Article by ADMIRAL MAHAN,
SEA POWER
AND THE PRESENT WAR.

SEPTEMBER 19th:

An Open Letter to
F.-M. Sir JOHN FRENCH,
K.C.M.G., etc. (With Sketch Portrait.)
and

The Ranker's View-Point:

How It Differs from that of the Staff.

NEXT WEEK:

An Open Letter to
The Rt. Hon.
WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
Notes of the Week	327	The Theatre :	
An Open Letter to the Kaiser	329	"Those who Sit in Judg-	
Reviews :		ment"	335
Patriotic Poets	330	Melodrama of the Last	
Some Russian Composers	331	Generation	336
Tom Tiddler's Ground in the		"Academy" War Acrostics	336
Antipodes	332	Shorter Reviews	337
What of the Book Season?	333	Motoring	337
Hoppers in War Time	334	In the Temple of Mammon	338
		Correspondence	339
		Books Received	339

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

The Battle of the Aisne

THE longest, fiercest, and costliest battle in history has been fought on the Aisne, with Soissons for its centre; it began on the 12th and was still raging on the 23rd. Whether General von Kluck has been fighting a gigantic rearguard action whilst his main forces have been securing their line of retreat, or whether the stand made at Soissons is a battle which it is hoped may once more turn the tide of war, there is really little to show. All that is certain is that the Germans are offering a desperate resistance to the further advance of the Allies, and that the French and British are pushing the attack with relentless and almost super-heroic enterprise. Will von Kluck's flank be turned? is the compelling question. Lord Kitchener, in paying a high and well-merited tribute to General French and his troops, warned us that, whatever our successes, the war is bound to be a long one. On their centre and right the French have made some progress, but, though the balance is in their favour, there have been some sharp checks. In Galicia Russia has made colossal captures, and Austria's powers of further resistance must now be slight. Russia has done magnificently. Italy is still weighing the pros and cons of the situation, but her participation in the conflict on the side of the Allies may come at any moment. The barbarous character of the German fighting, and the official publication of diplomatic documents from both the British and the Russian sides, have convinced her that the war is one of German making. Austria rejected Russian and British appeals because Germany willed it so.

Naval Losses and Gains

Naval activity has been in evidence again during the week. Submarine E9 torpedoed a German cruiser off Heligoland. On the other hand, the Germans have also been using their submarines with some effect; they have torpedoed the cruiser *Aboukir* in the North Sea, and when the sister-ships *Cressy* and *Hogue* went to the rescue they were torpedoed also. The loss in ships is not of vast importance, but the toll in valuable lives will, it is to be feared, prove heavy. The event is not at all surprising; what is surprising is that we have not heard of more incidents of the sort. Its effect on the spirit of the fleet we can imagine, and the risks which have now been brought right home may have consequences which it were better for the non-combatant not to discuss. If the loss of life were not so great, the news that the enemy is doing something more than mine-laying and attacking unprotected commerce would be positively welcome. The few German cruisers at large are still doing mischief. The *Konigsberg* attacked the gallant little *Pegasus* whilst at anchor in Zanzibar harbour, and completely disabled her, and the *Emden* has been busy sinking merchant ships in the Bay of Bengal. A fight in much the old spirit and on the old terms was that between the armed merchant cruisers *Carmania* and a German boat whose identity is doubtful; the *Carmania* sent her adversary to the bottom after an hour and three-quarters' fight—"a fine action" and "a successful finish," as the official message to the *Carmania's* captain puts it.

The Silent Pressure of Sea Power

Germany, it seems, is now beginning to find that the British Navy is a miserably overrated weapon. It does not fight; it only seals up the exits and entrances which mean everything to Germany's everyday life. Are the German people deluded by such nonsense? The time may come when, as Mr. Winston Churchill says, if the German fleet does not elect to fight, it may have to be dug out like rats in a hole. That time is not yet. The British Navy's business at the moment is to maintain that silent pressure of which Admiral Mahan spoke in the illuminating article published in THE ACADEMY a fortnight ago. The full meaning of that article has gradually come to be understood by those who make it their business to instruct public opinion on the naval side of the war. The *Times* naval expert discovered it first; then followed the *Morning Post*, and it seems to have opened up new thought as to the courses available to the German fleet. In the meantime the British people, in their comparative security, have only half-seized the vital lesson which it has been Admiral Mahan's mission to teach.

Rheims in Ruins

Is there no infamy from which German culture will recoil? The wanton bombardment of Rheims Cathedral suffices to prove that the worst reported of the Germans in Belgium is not far from the truth. To say that this crime revolts the conscience of the world is but

feebly to express the indignation and sorrow with which the story of the grand pile in flames and ruins has been read. No such outrage stained the bitterest hour of either the Napoleonic wars or the invasion of 1870. Germans are merciful only when they are secure and triumphant. A stray shot fired by the cowardly finger of one of their own men meant rapine and slaughter in Louvain; they respected Brussels till they began to doubt their ability to keep it, when they proceeded to rob the city of its treasures; and they vented their fury and disappointment on Rheims Cathedral when they found that they were incapable of holding captured ground against the French. "Louvain, Malines, Termonde," said Mr. Asquith in Edinburgh last week, "these are names which will henceforth be branded on the brow of German *Kultur*." To them must now be added Rheims. German professors are reported to have decided to remove from their names all British degrees. We hope that is true. No British distinction should be worn by anyone in whose veins flows the sacrilegious blood of the spoilers of Rheims and Louvain.

United We Stand

Mr. F. E. Smith, our brilliant young K.C., and one of the ablest men ever brought to the front rank in party warfare by mental and oratorical gifts, is going to take his place with the Army in France. He goes proud in the consciousness that he will serve a united country—united as it never was even in Pitt's day. His farewell words are: "I care nothing for the ripple on the waters a week ago," and he referred to the unprecedented and unforgettable scene in the House of Commons when the King's Speech had been read. Who can read the simple description as given by the *Times* reporter without a thrill?

Ordinarily on the last day of a Session the end comes when the Speech from the Throne has been read. Members file past the Chair, bid the Speaker good-bye, and disperse silently. It was not so to-day. Rightly interpreting the sense of the House, Mr. Crooks stood up and made a suggestion which gave all the Members present an opportunity to express their feelings in this time of anxiety and trial. "Shall we be in order," he asked, addressing the Deputy Speaker, "if we sing 'God Save the King'?" and, after a moment's pause, he led the House in singing the National Anthem. Every Member rose to his feet and joined in the stirring strains. The strangers in the galleries also stood up, as did the occupants of the Press Gallery, who on any other occasion would have been reproved for taking any part in a demonstration in the Chamber. When the first stanza of the Anthem had been sung with fervour and moving effect, Mr. Crooks called for three cheers, and the House resounded with loud hurrahs. Then he called out "God save Ireland," which drew from Mr. J. Redmond, in response, a cry of "God save England."

Therein rings a new note of hope for the British Empire, and the whole human race.

A New Britain in the Making

"We are fighting for a worthy purpose, and we

shall not lay down our arms until that purpose has been fully achieved." In such homely terms the King's Speech in proroguing Parliament sums up a righteous cause and a steadfast resolve. British oratory has been nobly fired by the task to which we have lent a ready hand and a stout heart. Many great speeches have been delivered by men of almost all shades of opinion. The greatest of them, we think, is Mr. Lloyd George's to Welshmen and others in London on Saturday. It was a speech aflame with indignation at the suffering which Germany, "the road hog of Europe," has inflicted on humanity; it was a speech withering in its scorn and contempt for the pretensions of a military despotism which respects not treaties, nor innocent women and children, nor undefended cities; it was an uplifting proclamation to the little nations of the earth, to have abandoned whom to barbarism would have involved us in a shame which 'would have rung down the everlasting ages'; above all, it was a message of the new patriotism which has been born in the hearts of the British people wherever they have found a home.

Robert Yelverton Tyrrell

A superb scholar, an exquisite artist, and a man as lovable as great disappears in Dr. Robert Yelverton Tyrrell. His work, mainly done in Dublin, was as highly appreciated by hundreds who did not know him as by the fortunate ones who had daily contact with him. There was a magnificent sweep and comprehensiveness about his classical learning, and with it all a niceness in detail which verged on the meticulous. He was to scholarship what some great generals have been to armies. His command of the whole did not blind him to a missing gaiter-button, and the translator and elucidator of so many of the Greek and Latin classics had a sharp eye for the split infinitive. He united taste with scholarship in an exceptional degree. "Taste without learning is a familiar thing," says the *Irish Times*; "learning without taste shouts at us from all our Universities." Dr. Tyrrell had both, and many excellent articles from his pen appeared in the pages of *THE ACADEMY*.

"Academy" Dum-dums

After the closing demonstrations in the House of Commons the Kaiser will be justified in regarding us as a nation of Crooks.

"The British fought like devils," say the Germans. Tommy Atkins has not yet learned to emulate the massive tenderness of the Kaiser's God-fearing legions.

Peace advocates strengthen war resolutions: the more pronounced the negative the better the positive.

The Germans have forbidden their women to cast amorous glances at British and French prisoners. Where Mars fails Cupid must not triumph.

Good news for the horses! Messrs. Ramsay MacDonald and Co. have published the "Conditions of a Stable Peace."

"A New Autumn Costume with a Military Flavour" is advertised. This fresh source of food supply will be a relief.

An Open Letter to the Kaiser

SIRE,—You will remember that, some years after you succeeded to your throne, a serious English weekly published an article called "William the Witless." That article has never been entirely lost sight of on the continent of Europe. The occasion which inspired the outburst having passed, I happen to know that the weekly paper in question modified its view and came to regret that the article had ever been written. To-day its author is probably saying to himself, "I was right then after all. The Kaiser *is* mad, and the symptoms of seventeen years ago were genuinely diagnosed."

Never, perhaps, in all history has there been a greater revulsion of feeling than that which has overtaken Europe in the past two months as to your character, your sentiments, and your purpose. You have by one act, which would have been incredible had it not already been inscribed on the roll of your achievements, proved the editor of another English review to be a prophet who knew. In season and out, in language which has sometimes seemed as wild as your own exalted sophisms, the *National Review* has predicted Armageddon as the inevitable outcome of Prussian ambition. We have doubted Mr. Maxse; we thought he did not make allowance for temperament; we have preferred to take your bombastic assurances of peaceful purpose at a higher face value than his *exposé* of aims and deeds and words which are now being daily illustrated in characters of blood. He has been the seer amongst us. Where some have been unable to see at all, and others have been cautiously anxious not to allow warnings to go unheeded, Mr. Leo Maxse will have it to his credit for ever that he gauged your vauntings exactly. It is said you introduced the word "humbug" into the German newspapers. To-day you stand before Europe as the humbug incarnate. I am prepared to give your Imperial Majesty—Imperial for the moment at least—the benefit of a doubt. In seeking to humbug Europe, you possibly humbugged yourself. You believed that you embodied the "strongest power on earth, and as your sabre rattled against accoutrements you were convinced that the mighty forces you could call into being made you the most potent prince of peace. Your self-abnegation in not doing unto Europe what you did to China when you took Kiao-Chau on a miserable pretext, stood to your own conscience for righteousness. You were God's chosen instrument for the maintenance

of peace or the prosecution of war should the devil, who had a finger in everyone's affairs except your own, assert himself by challenging Germany's pretensions. Frederick the Great is your hero, but Frederick the Great's father, who, as Macaulay said, hoarded an army as a miser hoards his gold, has seemed to be more in keeping with your own private sentiments. You have studied your own ancestry to your own undoing. If you knew more of the history of other royal houses, you would have remembered that there has never yet been a claimant to divine right who did not land himself ultimately in hopeless mundane wrong. Philip II of Spain took the Almighty into partnership, and the Almighty, it would seem, resents any such presumption, especially when the presumption becomes a cloak for iniquities which can never have divine sanction.

Rank blasphemy could go no further than in many of your utterances. "Considering myself as an instrument [why not *the* instrument?] of the Lord, without heeding the views and opinions of the day, I go my way, which is devoted solely and alone to the prosperity and peaceful development of the Fatherland." If, indeed, you were an instrument of the Lord, then the world would have in sackcloth and ashes to ask of what wickedness it was guilty that the scourge of your mailed fist should be inflicted upon it. You have been on your throne twenty-six years, and for more than two-thirds of that time you have kept Europe, which ardently desired the peace of which you were the lip-exponent, on tenterhooks of anxious apprehension. With you lies responsibility for the long tension in which

The o'erstrung

Nations have arm'd in madness.

You and you alone have made the early years of this twentieth century a nightmare, and in your ripe manhood have come full circle round to the mad excesses of youth. When your father died, Europe with one accord expected you to begin to play with the dangerous military toy you inherited; you disappointed expectations then, and now in the years when discretion should be of greater weight than vain-glory you have disappointed expectation again. There is not an official document relating to events at the end of July which does not establish your blood-guiltiness: a word from you, and Austria would have conformed to the reasonable demands of Russia, and the more than reasonable demands of Servia.

You did not give that word: why? Because at last

THE LEGAL AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Bonus for over 20 years - - - 38/- per cent. compound.

Everyone wants the BEST in Everything, so why not have the BEST LIFE POLICY by effecting one with this Society?

10, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

you believed the hour had come when you might strike. In a flash we see that you have held the sword back all these years for the very good reason that you did not regard the opportunity as entirely favourable. You made a virtue of necessity. You were not able to goad others into declaring war which would have put them in the wrong and have given you the defensive support of Austria and Italy. You had never had your navy in so perfect a condition for a fight, and you had never seen Great Britain so hopelessly divided against herself. Better than any man you know that Germany would have "cut in" during the South African War if her navy had been as strong as it is to-day; you would have fought France over Morocco if the British Navy had not been ranged on the side of France; you would have intervened half a dozen times in recent years but for the same token. Who fostered the Boer War, the Russo-Japanese War, the Balkan War, but you? The Eagle has played the dove till now, when its monster claws are rending and tearing at the hearts of nations. A quarter of a century's peace propaganda has issued in a war more nearly universal, more horrible in its accompaniments, more destructive of the ideals of Christianity and humanity than any in history. You have been mentioned for the Nobel Prize for peace, and in a month of warfare you have outrivalled Attila! The cursed military system you have fostered so sedulously has reduced Europe to a shambles, turned millions of innocents, whom the ruthless Apaches called German soldiers have not bayoneted or shot, to broken-hearted wanderers and paupers, and left cities of greater historic value than any in Prussia charred ruins.

Sire, if you have a conscience, if you ever think of the oath you swore so fervently in the Hall of Knights when you became a member of the Order of the Black Eagle, if any of the teachings of your good English mother have left the remotest impress on your heart and brain, if any one of the godly sentiments which have fallen from your lips has any meaning for you, you would spend your days breaking your very heart in remorse for the criminal folly which has undone a century's work in civilisation and placed in jeopardy the Empire you did not found. You probably understand now that the whole world, with the exception of poor distracted and beaten Austria and of dismembered Turkey, regards you as its enemy.

Yet, for all we can learn, you stand panoplied and unashamed. But you must realise that Europe will spend its last shilling, its last rouble, and its last franc to break for ever the conscript lunacy you have upheld so long. Your Empire was founded in dishonour—the Ems despatch can never be forgotten nor forgiven—and it will go to pieces in dishonour. The falsification of a scrap of paper made the war of 1870 inevitable; the contemptuous pushing aside of a scrap of paper was the first move in the war of 1914. A Frankenstein's monster should haunt your pillow. As a word from you would have prevented war, so a word from you would have saved Belgium from the tigers who have

torn her limb from limb because she would be no party to your duplicity. Nemesis will decree that you, whose hero is Frederick the Great, shall be the means of demolishing the edifice his military genius made possible. Your navy takes Falstaff, not Nelson, for its exemplar; your Zeppelins, which were to work miracles, have distinguished themselves, when they have accomplished anything, by the dropping of bombs where they could do mischief, but further no military end; and your incomparable army is proving that the best of machines depends upon the integrity of its weakest parts. Germany's scientific achievements have not taught you that the methods not merely of Frederick the Great but of Moltke are out of date.

The end of it all? "The strange fate which tumbles mightiest sovereigns." Prussia will have to start empire-making over again, perhaps though not necessarily with a Hohenzollern, the humbled but still proud scion of an upstart house, for leader, but certainly with an emancipated Europe to dictate its limitations.

I am, Sire,

Your Imperial Majesty's Far From Humble and Obedient

CARNEADES, JUNIOR.

REVIEWS

Patriotic Poets

Poems of the Great War. (Chatto and Windus. 1s. net.)

Lord God of Battles: A War Anthology. (Cope and Fenwick. 1s. net.)

Patriotic Poems. (Oxford University Press. 7d. net.)

THE principal truth impressed upon us by reading these booklets is that it is very easy to write patriotic verse, and exceedingly difficult to write patriotic poetry. Between thumping a drum and manipulating a mighty organ is all the difference in the world, though we willingly admit that the drum-beater is sometimes popular when the accomplished musician is neglected. However, there are degrees in all the arts. Few of our poets, during the last few weeks, have touched the heights; even the Poet Laureate and Mr. William Watson have failed lamentably. Most of the verse produced has been on the hurried, uninspired level of Mr. H. Begbie's "The Man who Keeps his Head":

There's a man who fights for England, and he'll keep
her still atop,

He will guard her from dishonour in the market and
the shop,

He will save her homes from terror on the fields of
Daily Bread,

He's the man who sticks to business, he's the man who
keeps his head.

"That's you and me, Maria; we've got to do our dooty 'ere at home; where's the order-book?" Thus speaks the village greengrocer, quite sensibly. So far, so good; but poetry shudders, for she stands far away from all such rhyming.

We find "Commandeered," by L. G. Moberley, one of the gems of the first book—a couple of stanzas about a horse:—

Last year he drew the harvest home
Along the winding upland lane;
The children twisted marigolds
And clover flowers, to deck his mane. . .
To-day, with puzzled, patient face,
With ears a-droop and weary feet,
He marches to the sound of drums
And draws the gun along the street. . .

There are also verses on a high level by G. K. Chesterton, Cecil Chesterton, John Drinkwater, Sir Owen Seaman, Alfred Noyes, Laurence Binyon, and others. It is a very interesting collection, and well worth reading if only for the sake of its startling contrasts.

The "War Anthology" bears evidence of the good taste of its compiler, Mr. A. E. Manning Foster. Sir A. Conan Doyle, Shakespeare, Kipling, Blake, Tennyson—it is a mixed company, but there is a splendid thread of poetry running through it all, and we are more than pleased to see Meredith's poem "The Call," Mr. Hardy's fine "Song of the Soldiers," and a lovely little Devon song, "Realisation," by Hugh Darnley Smith. Undoubtedly this is the best "War" selection we have seen.

The "Oxford Garland" of patriotic poems has a wider scope, being less definitely warlike; the material is well chosen by R. M. Leonard. There are some fine old English ballads by unknown authors, and most of the familiar things are included—Macaulay's "Armada," Kingsley's "Ode to the North-East Wind," Scott's "Caledonia," and the sea-songs of England.

We have received also a sixpenny paper-covered booklet of "Union Jack Lyrics" from Erskine MacDonald, by F. Johnston-Smith, rhymes characterised more by enthusiasm than poetry, covering the principal colonies and Dominions; a penny collection of "Patriotic Songs and Poems" from the same firm, with fifteen popular items, including Bret Harte's impressive "Reveillè"; and a pamphlet-poem "1914 and after—Why Britain Fights," by Wilson Rudd, which proves once more the contention of our opening sentence.

Some Russian Composers

A History of Russian Music. By M. MONTAGU-NATHAN. With Portrait of Rimsky-Korsakoff. (Wm. Reeves. 5s. net.)

PRIMARILY, we may suppose, for the benefit of those lucky ones who have enjoyed Sir Joseph Beecham's Russian Opera Season, but also for music-students who have not, Mr. Reeves has opportunely published an excellently compiled and commendably brief account of the principal Russian composers and their works, by Mr. Montagu-Nathan. The writer seems to have consulted the best authorities, and his own comments on the composers are fair and musician-like. He indicates quite clearly the different lines on which the "Nationalists" worked, from Glinka, through Dargomijsky to the

famous "Five," MM. Moussorgsky, Borodin, Balakireff, Cui and Rimsky-Korsakoff, giving a glance at those who stood aside, such as Seroff the critic, who wrote so rudely of Borodin, and Lvoff, composer of the Russian National Anthem. He groups "Tchaikovsky, Rubinstein, and the Eclectics" with Glazonnoff, Laidoff and Liapponnoff, Arensky and Taneiff, in a long chapter headed "The Decline of Nationalism," and concludes with short notices of prominent leaders of "The Present Movement," from Rachmaninoff to Stravinsky. His criticism of Tchaikovsky is the part of his work with which we are least disposed to agree. It is carefully thought out and, no doubt, represents a widely-held view of the composer who was for some years so immensely popular in Great Britain. But his conclusion that "Tchaikovsky is a truly typical Russian in that he has an infinite capacity for writing in the styles of other nations" is much too narrow. We are all of us rather tired of Tchaikovsky because we had too much of him, and because our emotions cannot be continuously raised to the same height by the same music. Too much Beethoven, too much Wagner, has a similar effect, in its degree, as too much Tchaikovsky. But it is the imperfection of our nature that is at fault, not theirs. We will candidly confess that we are not certain we shall ever come to enjoy the "Pathetic" Symphony as we did at the beginning—no, not after a very prolonged respite from its passion. But the Fourth and Fifth Symphonies and much else we hope to enjoy again, as they deserve. Tchaikovsky may not represent the typical Russian as Moussorgsky did, but it is surely patent to everybody that no German or Frenchman or Italian could have conceived such music as his.

The French have never appreciated him, and we are told that in Germany and perhaps in England he is now accounted but third-rate. We are not so sure but that in mere inspiration and in the width of his sweep he was not the most original of all the Russians. We are probably too near to them to be absolutely judicial about them. If Moussorgsky had the greatest amount of genius, Tchaikovsky had a good deal. However that may be, we can cordially recommend Mr. Nathan's book.

The Royal Photographic Society, acting upon the principle that the most patriotic course at the present time is to carry on its work undeterred by the unusual circumstances, has completed its annual exhibition (the fifty-ninth), to be open till October 3, and has hung a collection of pictures larger and possibly of a higher standard than in late years. By way of assisting those who stand in need of relief, the Society will give sixpence out of each shilling admission to the Prince of Wales' Fund, and, in addition, a collecting box for contributions by the members and members of affiliated societies will be placed in the gallery. An excellent series of lantern lectures are advertised, and will be given on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings. The exhibition is now open at the Gallery of the R.S.B.A., Suffolk Street, Haymarket, S.W.

Tom Tiddler's Ground in the Antipodes

BY TAUNTON WILLIAMS.

THE disappearance of Germany as a world Power in the Pacific, and especially the prospective seizure of her share of New Guinea, are events which we can contemplate at this juncture with satisfaction and equanimity. "Sufficient for the day" is a popular motto just now. Nevertheless, I shall venture to point out that the ejection of the Teuton neck and crop will render more acute the ever-present problem of Australia's tropical waste lands. If Germany was an undesirable neighbour for the deserted northern territory, her presence there was at least some sort of security against the disembarkation of hordes of little yellow warriors from Japanese transports, which, were I an Australian, would haunt my dreams. It seems to me to be a very grave problem, although the gravity is only dimly realised in the Antipodes. A few leaders of Australian thought are alive to the importance of finding a solution, but there will be needed some violent shock to public opinion before a serious attempt can be expected to open up and settle the enormous area which lies between the Tropic of Capricorn and the sea-front of four thousand miles which Australia presents to the envious eyes of Asia's teeming millions. Perhaps when the German bogey is laid to rest the Japanese spectre will be sufficiently terrifying to create the panic which stimulates great efforts and sacrifices. Tropical Australia covers considerably over a million square miles; it is about three-quarters the size of China. The Northern Territory alone comprises 523,620 square miles, and at the end of 1911 had a population of 3,248.

Will Australia be able to keep this waste locked up indefinitely? I might go further and ask, Is the Commonwealth justified in doing so? For this is no Sahara, barren of mineral wealth and unfitted for agriculture. The potentialities have been recognised ever since the first British garrison was posted at Melville Island in 1827. There is unquestionably a rich soil, better watered than any other part of the continent. The rainfall is mainly sufficient, and only in a few places excessive. There is exemption from the worst forms of tropical disease. The natural harbours are among the finest in the world and are better situated for trade than those in the south. Experience has proved that such crops as cotton, sugarcane, dates, bananas, coffee, maize, rice, and pineapples can be successfully raised. There is no reason why rubber and tobacco should not be cultivated on a vast scale. Horses, cattle, sheep and Angora goats thrive on its pastures. Pigs are self-supporting on the roots which abound beneath the surface. The mineral resources are known to be considerable. Yet eighty-seven years have elapsed since its first occupation, and there is to-day barely one white man to every three hundred square miles.

From the economic standpoint, this slow progress,

if progress it can be called, may be capable of some defence. Empty spaces and commercial opportunities still abound in the temperate portions of Australia. Probably generations will pass away before these are exhausted. And emigrants do not go to the Tropics from choice. The discovery of gold, the chance of rapid fortune—these are the magnets which draw men to endure the extremes of heat and cold, and only until the object has been attained or missed. But there are hardly these inducements in the Northern Territory, since the temperate areas offer better facilities. Hence development in existing circumstances must be chiefly of an experimental order; that is, unless very rich mineral discoveries be made. Mines, however, would have to be very productive, widespread and long-lived to bring about the vast shifting and growth of population which must take place if these regions are to be effectively occupied within a couple of generations. The prospects of development through mining are not encouraging; the soil is the only reliable and inexhaustible source of wealth, and unless this attracts settlers, nothing else will.

Against this hope must be set the insuperable obstacle to agricultural progress presented by the present determination of Australians to maintain at all costs a "white Australia." Again, the products of the North must necessarily be tropical; and however scientifically they may be produced they will have to compete in the world's markets with the products of other tropical countries. Here arises the eternal conflict between white and coloured labour. The East sets the standard of wages and living, and in the Tropics often of efficiency. The European is outclassed at all points. Comparing man with man, the cost of white labour in Northern Australia is greater than that of native labour in neighbouring lands in the appalling proportion of a hundred to one. It will be seen that Australians themselves have imposed the disabilities; can they be overcome?

Two ways have been suggested, neither of which, in my judgment, possesses the elements of success. The first relies upon scientific methods, mechanical appliances, and the superiority of the white man's work, all of which may counterbalance the cheapness of labour in Asia and the Islands of Oceania. These sanguine expectations can only be established by practical demonstration; they strike me as ingenuously British. The second contention is that Australia possesses in her rigid system of protection the secret of regulating the exploitation and success of her tropical region. Here, again, we have optimism in excelsis. The population and the demands of the Southern Original States would have to be multiplied many times over before they could absorb more than a fraction of the produce which the North, if properly developed, could pour out, and the cost of production under this protection-solution would prohibit profitable export. On the one hand, there would be white labour, often costing the employer, in one way and another, more than £1 per man a day; and, on the other, the diligent toil of the Asiatic, cheerfully rendered for twopence or less.

Superior efficiency and a tariff would have a big gap to fill, to say nothing of the sacrifice demanded of the consumer on the ground of patriotism. For how long will the consumer be asked to bear the burden? And will the continuance of his self-denying ordinance be a prospect offering good enough security for those who are asked to stake their capital on it? There can be no adequate solution until tropical Australia is placed on the same economical plane as other tropical countries—by the admission of races capable of living cheaply and working hard under the given climatic conditions. Otherwise, the danger of a practically unoccupied front must ever be a temptation to forces potentially hostile and as innumerable as the sands of the sea.

The under-population of Australia as a whole is probably the weakest spot in our Imperial chain; the emptiness of the tropical North is certainly the weakest feature of the local defence problem which Australians have to solve. I contend that the only solution is to be found in British India: in settling the Northern Territory with subjects of the Empire, preferably from the Madras Province, where the conditions of wages and labour are comparable to what would be needed. I know all the arguments against the admission of coloured labour. They are forcible enough. It is the case of the choice of two evils, and the evil suggested is, I say, the lesser. It is futile to assert that a coloured zone is impossible on a continent: that the two races must intermix and compete. Legislation and penalties could prevent an Indian settler from migrating into prohibited areas of Australia as effectively as from entering by a seaport. Then as to commercial competition, what at present prevents Asiatic labour and products from undercutting Australian markets? A tariff barrier. Will anyone maintain that a protective system necessitates a coastline? What is to prevent a tariff being applied to all goods exported from a well-defined colour zone into the wholly white States?

Can anyone offer an alternative scheme whereby the Tom Tiddler's Ground of the Antipodes may be turned to practical use in the near future and cease to be a weakness and a menace to Australian security?

What of the Book Season?

BY ALFRED BERLYN

A FEW weeks ago, before Teutonic "culture" had turned loose its hordes upon Belgium and France, we were looking forward to an autumn literary season of more than usual activity and interest. Arrangements had been made which promised a period of extreme energy in the world of books between Michaelmas and Christmas. Then came the bolt from the Prussian blue, and in a moment the prospect faded, with disastrous effects upon the nerve of those who had most reason to regard it with satisfaction.

It would, no doubt, be unjust and impolite to conclude that people who live by literature—other people's

literature—are, like the conies, a feeble folk. But the fact remains that, in the days of stress immediately following the outbreak of war, when everyone was wondering how far the unsettlement of normal business would extend, you would have had to go a long way to find a body of more hopeless pessimists than the publishers. To their despairing eyes, the war represented, for the time being, the end of all things, and their occupation was as tragically gone as Othello's. Postponements, cancellations, and closing down in all its branches—except in the cases of a few firms that happened to have stocks of books on subjects more or less related to the one absorbing theme—became the order of the day; and there were even rumours of hasty dismissals of employees and reduction of salaries in more than one quarter where better things might have been expected. The publishers, in fact, became just as much the victims of momentary panic as the people who made haste to cram their cellars with canned provisions and sides of bacon; and in that white-feather mood nothing could have persuaded them that anyone, pending the remote restoration of peace, would expect or desire them to produce any new books at all.

Since then, however, there have been signs of a recovery of enterprise and common sense. Autumn lists—attenuated, it is true, but by no means negligible in quality or quantity—have once more been put forth; and, now that "this ague-fit of fear is overblown," it is possible to discern evidences of a wise resolve to make the best instead of the worst of the situation. The spiritless assumption that literature, apart from war-books, must remain a drug in the market as long as the war lasts, seems to be gradually giving place to the more hopeful and more reasonable view that, as the weeks wear on and the long winter evenings come in sight, people will feel an increasing need to vary their study of the war news, and to seek respite from the strain of patriotic anxiety by resorting to regular doses of that mental anodyne which books, and books alone, are able to supply. So the counsels of cowardice are weakening, and the spirit of the adage, "Nothing venture, nothing win," is visibly beginning to reassert itself among the bookmen.

As a matter of fact, the publishers have cause to be thankful for the turn of events which made the outbreak of war coincident with the opening of that season in which, even under normal conditions, their operations are practically at a standstill. If the blow had fallen at the beginning of May or October, instead of in the early days of August, its immediate effect upon their interests must have been much more disastrous. As it is, they find themselves in a position to enter upon a new season, when the war, already some weeks old, has lost something of that paralysing influence which it necessarily exercised in its opening stage, and when there has been time for the need of occasional mental relief and relaxation to make itself felt.

What is now needed is not merely a recognition of these favourable circumstances, but a strong and concerted effort to take advantage of them to the utmost.

If people are to be encouraged to read books during the coming months, in spite of the claim of war news, the timorous and fatal policy of postponing or cancelling promised new issues must be abandoned in favour of a bold resolve to give this autumn book-season every possible element of interest, variety, and attraction. As a few of the more far-sighted publishers are beginning to realise, the surest way for them to make inevitable the "slump" which is so dreaded will be to acquiesce in the view that the public cannot be expected to take more than a feeble and casual interest in books as long as the war lasts. The greater the effort that is made to minimise the difference between the present and an ordinary season, the more satisfactory will be the response; and those publishers who are proposing to do nothing more helpful than twiddle their thumbs and groan about the influence of the war upon the book trade had better wake up to the fact that they are stupidly injuring their own interests.

Even among the more enterprising there are some who appear just now to be obsessed with the notion that the only literature likely to be in profitable request during the coming months will consist of books more or less relating to the war. At the present moment, no doubt, there is naturally a strong demand for such works, and no one can complain that it is not being adequately met. But it surely asks no prophet to foresee the growing need for books which will provide the minds of their readers with temporary relief from the all-pervading topic. Very soon, thousands of people, as keenly patriotic as any, will be thankful for a good novel or an entertaining budget of reminiscences. The curious idea, which seems to have gained acceptance in some quarters, that fiction in particular can find no remunerative market at a time like this, will speedily be corrected, to the advantage of those who have had the enterprise to put the matter to a practical test.

Nothing, of course, can avail to save the book world, whether on its artistic or its commercial side, from being adversely affected by the conditions that prevail. But a policy of resolute courage, applied during the next two months to the production and advertising of new books, will unquestionably do a good deal to relieve the situation and keep disaster at arm's length. The watchword, "Business as usual," has been wisely recommended at this juncture for the guidance of the nation. Why not, as far as is practicable, "Literature and art as usual," too?

Messrs. Werner Laurie, Ltd., are just publishing an important and timely shilling book entitled "The A.B.C. Guide to the Great War," by Edmund B. d'Auvergne, late South African Light Horse. The work includes a detailed coloured map of the seat of war in Europe. The essential point about Mr. d'Auvergne's book is that it is concise and to the point. Such a guide should prove of value for a clearer understanding of the international issues which are at present at stake, and it has the additional advantage of being compiled by a literary man who understands the science of war.

Hoppers in War Time

BY A WOMAN OF KENT

THERE is a brisk tang of Autumn in the air as we leave our cottage on the hill, although as yet September lingers. Wreaths of mist hang lightly over the hop gardens in the valley, where presently it will be intensely hot if the morning promise be fulfilled, making the noonday rest a necessity for the pickers who have stood for hours under the blazing sun. Early as it is—not yet the normal breakfast hour—lines of workers stand in front of their bins, and the foreman in his white jacket passes up and down, stripping the great vines from their poles and tossing them into the hands of the waiting women and children. By a natural flight of the imagination these bins suggest ambulance stretchers, being made of canvas fixed to long handles for convenience in carrying; but there is nothing else in this garden to suggest what is happening in other fields less than a hundred miles away. It is an animated scene—voices and hands alike are busy, for it is Monday morning, the start of a new garden, and there is much news to be exchanged since Saturday night. This is a field of home pickers. Across the valley we can hear the voices of the "foreigners," as the London boys and girls are called, disputing, and farther north in Kent we know some 200 Belgian refugees are picking hops; but our special farm has always employed home labour, and the hopping savours of a family gathering, where the same folks meet year after year, and the places of those who fall out of rank are promptly filled by the babies of other years, grown up incredibly soon into expert pickers.

The air is soft and spicy with the pungent smell of the hops that hang in great clusters on the untouched vines; the babies camped in the hedge near the great cauldron of steaming tea that is such a feature of any hop garden look the picture of contentment. A charming scene, but its special interest consists in its being the surviving hand-industry of the countryside: from the time the vines are planted to the day they are "pulled" the labour is done without machinery, if we may except the uncouth hop-washers, like giant octopi, which afford so much work in early summer. And it is the industry which employs most labour—at the rate of £40 per acre a local farmer said, and more in dry seasons like the present, when "vermin" abound and washings are exceptionally frequent. Like children, the hops from their infancy are washed and fed and trained with scrupulous care; but unlike many children they give a bountiful return for such treatment, conditions being normal. The acre may yield anything from £60 to £150 in a year of high prices, and many a man in our Kentish country has been made by a fortunate season. As one of the pickers remarks to-day, "There's more than one farmer in our parish as will replace the horses he has sent to the Front by a motor afore the year's out"!

Our satisfaction at the good news of the British successes on the battlefield is mingled with congratulations

on having an all-British hop-market this year, while all over the garden hopes are expressed that the master will put down more acres another year and keep rivals out now they are out. And there is joy at the plenty of the harvest, at its quality, and at the price the sweet, sound hops are likely to fetch. Locally they are abundant, hanging in huge clusters on poles and strings, but on an average small—a fact which affects the picker and detracts from the rate at which her bushel-measures fill, notwithstanding the size of the bunches. To the uninitiated it looks so simple, the stripping of the burrs cleanly and singly, without leaves or stems, as they slip through the pickers' fingers mechanically. But a trial found us quite unable to keep up their pace, even with the utmost concentration. In the warm sun the scent has an intoxicating quality, at once exhilarating and drowsy, which makes the gardens a health resort for ailing children and sends them to meals ravenously hungry. It inclined us to idleness, to wanderings among the people we knew, talking of the all-engrossing topic of the war, about which the older men and women displayed astonishing intelligence, considering the short evening hours left to them in which to read and to achieve all the domestic business of the day.

Of young men there are none in the gardens—so well has our village responded to her country's call, and it is our great pride to be represented in the Army both by the lord from the great house and by the sons of the smallest cottage, we believe with equal honour. As yet we have escaped mourning; the children of our artillery driver are singing cheerily over there in the corner, and are the recipients of the rosiest apples as a mark of what we feel.

Food plays an important part in the hop-garden, and the catering for the family must seriously deplete the day's earnings. Seven bushels of the airy, fluffy burrs have to be picked and measured before a shilling is added to the exchequer; yet many girls in their 'teens make 35s. in the week, and as the picking lasts, on an average, three weeks, the tally is one not to be despised from an agriculturist's point of view. Besides the healthy, pleasant outdoor life, which is such a change and boon to the hard-working mothers, the family help provides them with a margin which in many instances lifts them beyond the region of want, allows a nest-egg for the hard days of winter, and often provides an outfit for the girls ready for service.

Walking thoughtfully homewards, we wonder if the determination to keep Germany's trade will be put into practical execution, and how many fresh acres will be planted for next year's picking. It means considerable outlay of capital and a certain amount of faith, which the outlook appears to justify. The result would be to make our country, in one instance, self-supporting, to circulate more money, to provide work for the worker and bread for the unemployed, and to keep our people living in the pure, free air and the open spaces, instead of allured to over-populated towns by the boom of trade that we are promised. Will our Government do anything in the matter?

The Theatre

"Those Who Sit in Judgment"

IF we were asked to express very briefly our opinion of Sir George Alexander's latest venture at the St. James's Theatre, we should respond, "A bad play, partially saved by superb acting." We were simply surprised that "Michael Orme"—who, we understand, is Mrs. J. T. Grein—could turn out so weak a piece of work. The play is full of "effects" which are worn out. We are tired, for instance, of the representation in fiction and on the stage of certain suburbs as the home of the utterly inartistic family, however humorously the subject is treated; and when the ineffably "superior" wife of the impossible little "Clapworth" solicitor begins to explain to an interested gentleman why she is so different from her husband we know exactly what to expect.

With a face of patient suffering Margaret Mears (Miss Henrietta Watson) "makes up" to Michael Trent, Managing Director of the Beresu Rubber Company (Sir George Alexander), and tells him that thoughts of him will inspire her while he is absent on the Gold Coast. He goes, taking her young brother with him, and in the second act we have a prolonged death-scene of the brother, on a camp-bed at the Gold Coast—surely rather in bad taste at the present time, when many members of the audience must be in keen suspense if not actually bereaved—and a picture of Trent taking to drink under the strain of the situation. In the third act Trent has returned, once more outwardly a gentleman, to confess his failure as a managing director and to receive Margaret's reproaches; she, however, refuses to recognise him as a failure; she encourages him, defends him, and, not to put too fine a point on it, woos him.

The final act gives us a realistic and lively shareholders' meeting, in which Trent faces the music and makes a distinctly poor show. At its close, after an exhilarating scene and the energetic clearing of the room by the commissioner—capitally acted by Mr. Coats Bush—Trent is left alone, lamenting his failure. To him comes Margaret, still patient, plaintive, and pursuing, and suggests that the collapse will not be so very terrible if "some day" they can go away together. So the curtain descends on one of those scenes of distorted love-making of which we are very, very tired, and the poor play flickers out.

We regret being compelled to write thus of one of our favourite theatres, but it really is a thousand pities that the efforts of such an unrivalled company should be thrown away on a rubbishy play. The acting was as good as ever; Mr. Frederick Volpé and Miss Helen Ferrers as Sir Jacob and Lady Tukes, Mr. Hannen as the irrepressible punster and joker of the Clapworth circle, Mr. Vivian Reynolds as the villainous trader, Mr. Nigel Playfair as the solicitor, and Mr. Owen as Margaret's brother, were all excellent, and the smallest

parts were in perfectly capable hands. But the best acting in London may be only a pretty veil through which ugly things are viewed, and, much to our disappointment, that is what happened in the case of "Those who sit in Judgment."

W. L. R.

Melodrama of the Last Generation

ALTHOUGH we might, and perhaps should, have seen "The Silver King" many times during the last twenty years, we have not done so even once; therefore we came to it with unique freshness the other night at the Strand Theatre, and were thus exceptional in our point of view among other old playgoers, like ourselves, who welcomed the early work of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones.

The author's wit, observation, and agreeable cynicism were still to develop when he planned this play; his fixed idea must have been to make a successful melodrama—and everybody knows how complete a victory he achieved. The play marks an epoch, as does a famous winner of the Derby, and its offspring will be found continued through the generations. We have heard many stories of the old days of Mr. Wilson Barrett's greatness, of Miss Eastlake's appeal, and Mr. Willard's cool stage villainy, but we do not believe that these celebrated people were one-half as good as the Wilfrid Denver of Mr. H. B. Irving, the outwardly immaculate but inwardly ultra-devilish Spider of Mr. Julian Royce, and the innocent, clinging, pathetic Nellie Denver of Miss Edyth Goodall. Mr. Irving brings a noble distinction to grace a commonplace character such as no other actor could command. Every instinct of our artistic nature is opposed to the play, and yet it is an intense pleasure to see Mr. Irving, Mr. Ambrose Manning, Mr. Arthur Williams, imposing their personality upon the cardboard figures and worn-out phrases. This curious application of talents that have often been used in very different directions is of no small value to the student of the stage—it shows just how far the exponent of a written character may develop and outpace the writer's immediate intention.

Everyone knows the trials and victories of the personages of "The Silver King," but no one who has only seen it in the old days could, we fancy, believe it to contain such vital qualities, such opportunities for artistic treatment, such excitement. In this reproduction one hopes to find some spark of early romance, or, in the phrase of Mr. Henry James, "broken things which give out touching human values and faint, sweet scents of character, flushes of old beauty and goodwill." For that kind of thing we look in vain in the play which has been the glass of stage fashion and the mould of theatrical form for more than thirty years. But "The Silver King" has other charms; it is splendidly acted, and forms, for very diverse reasons, a delightful entertainment.

EGAN MEW.

"Academy" War Acrostics

CONDITIONS

THERE will be Six weekly Acrostics. Prizes of £3, £2, and £1 will be awarded to those who are first, second, and third on the list with correct solutions. One point will be awarded for each correct light. The Acrostic Editor's decision on all questions, whether appeals, ties, or division of prizes, must be accepted as final.

Answers should reach THE ACADEMY office not later than the first post on the Wednesday morning following the date of the paper in which the Acrostic appears, and should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE ACADEMY, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

(Second of the War Series)

And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.
"Richard III," Act i, 3.
Reincarnated Richard! why, sir,
Surely he's the German Kaiser!

- (1) In all recruits they try sight
(The sense of sight ranks high);
But this, above all eyesight,
Is higher than the eye.
- (2) He lives in New Zealand, and asks that he may
Come forth as a soldier, and fight in the fray.
- (3) Truth always will! and we must do
Our duty, so that we may, too.
- (4) Stubborn foes, but loyal friends;
Whose Empire o'er the world extends.
- (5) "What will not ambition and —
Descend to? Who aspires must down as low
As high he soared."
- (6) Some lies are supported through thick and through thin,
But the worst ones, thus stamped, are the ones from
Berlin.
- (7) This festival the Romans held,
Because the Tarquins were expelled.

E. N.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE ACROSTIC

(First of the War Series)

- 'Twas forced upon us; and we fight
For King and Country, Freedom, Right!
- (1) "To the Day!" was their toast, "Der Tag" was their
boast,
But what follows to-day concerns us the most.
 - (2) An aversion to water! dog's madness complete!
(Can the Mad Dog of Europe have bitten his fleet?)
 - (3) "For thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer morn, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—"

- (1) T o-morro W
- (2) H ydrophobi A
- (3) E xcalibu R

Solutions to No. 12 ("So Be It") were received from Albo, Chutney, Enos, Fin, Jorrock, Jim, Kamsin, Mancini, F. C. Moore, Nelisha, Pussy, Mrs. A. Rogers, Sadykins, Spider, Strum, W. J. Tiltman, Morgan Watkins, and Wilbro.

In the Acrostic Competition which has just closed, Enos, Kamsin, and Wilbro have gained equal marks. They are therefore invited to solve the following

SPECIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Equal!

- (a) "You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still!"
- (b) Down! down! down! where the dead men sleep
On ocean beds! (the meaning's deep!).
- (c) Acknowledge this, and I must win;
Admit it, and you cannot lose;
It seems a paradox, but in
The end you'll see 'tis clear—now choose!
- (d) A youthful citizen appears,
A beardless boy of twenty years.

E. N.

The order of the lights has to be discovered.

Short Notices

AMONG the later novels of the season which the world's war has brought to a premature close, "Hardware," by Kineton Parkes (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.), should deservedly hold a prominent place. It is a story which grips, and in his descriptive passages the author becomes at times quite Zolaesque, especially when describing the growth of Metlingham, for which please read the modern Birmingham, and the early career of its most famous citizen, Richard Astbury, otherwise the late Joseph Chamberlain. Thorpe Chatwin, the son of a working man, who from small beginnings rises to a position of leader in the commercial and political activities of the city, is a finely drawn character, and his life story, and his love story also, are most absorbing. On the whole the work is a masterly sociological study which places it head and shoulders above the vapid outpourings of most of our present-day so-called novelists.

Miss E. Everett-Green has attempted, on her usual lines, another "thriller" in "The Double House" (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.). There are twin murderers, but they fail to thrill us, though we admit they may cause the flesh of others to creep, and for such, no doubt, Miss Everett-Green's versatile and imaginative pen persistently returns to the inkpot.

A story of the Dubarry time is "Monsieur de Rochefort," by H. de Vere Stacpoole (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.). De Sartines, the famous chief of police of Louis XV, is very much en évidence, and, naturally also, poisoned daggers, rapiers, and, above all, love, have their say. The story is not perhaps told in the author's best style, nevertheless, it will not fail to please the majority of his large circle of readers.

There is at least one thing Miss Ethel M. Dell can claim to her credit. She can turn out short stories, or what by courtesy are called such, without troubling about art. It was not so with past-masters, dead and gone, like Poe, De Maupassant, and a few nevertheless imperishable others. "The Swindler, and Other Stories" (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.), though suffering from a poverty of inventiveness, is not lacking in a variety of incidents which may satisfy the omnivorous appetite of the young person who travels daily to and fro between the family dove-cote and the office or workroom.

MOTORING

UP to last week, over 19,000 members of the Automobile Association had volunteered their cars and motor-cycles for military services, but difficulty is still being experienced in keeping pace with the requirements of the authorities and organisations working in various parts of the country. The number of favourable responses to the appeal of the Association's committee is large in the abstract, and there is probably no other motoring organisation in the world which could have effected so much in so short a time; but, after all, 19,000 is but a very small minority of the

total membership of the A.A. and M.U., and there must be many more members who could be induced to come forward with offers of service in such a time of national crisis if the urgency of the case were adequately placed before them. Also, possibly, some may be deterred by uncertainty as to the nature of the work for which their cars would be utilised. It may be useful, therefore, to point out that the motorist may select any of the following branches:—(1) Military service at home. This involves placing cars and drivers at the disposal of the military commands, for the use of staff officers at the various war centres throughout the British Isles. (2) Military service abroad—especially in connection with ambulance work. (3) Recruiting work in London and the provinces. Cars engaged in this work would bring in recruits from outlying districts, or convey recruiting officers to the various depots. (4) Red Cross work. This consists of conveying officials to various depots, attending ports and railway stations to convey wounded, on arrival from the Continent, to hospitals and convalescent centres. In this section, cars with motor ambulance bodies for lying-down patients are in greatest demand, and to assist motorists willing to have their cars converted for this work the Association has a variety of designs and estimates showing that such conversion can be accomplished for a moderate outlay. Landaulette-limousines and cabriolet cars are also very welcome, for the transport of patients who are able to sit up. (5) Refugee work. Many cars are required for carrying officials to the various concentration camps, meeting refugees at ports and stations and conveying them to their destinations, also for removing refugees from concentration camps to temporary abodes.

In addition to these specific branches of service, there are calls for cars in connection with the work of the Navy League, the Admiralty, the Boy Scouts' Association, the Prince of Wales' National Relief Fund, the Royal Flying Corps, etc., etc. With such a wide range of fields of usefulness, for some one of which practically every type of car is suitable, it is not too much to expect that at a time like the present the majority of the motorists of the country will be willing and eager to volunteer either cars or their services, or both.

To facilitate the supply and distribution of the cars offered for national service, the Secretary of the Association will be grateful if those members who have not yet responded will notify which branch of volunteer work they select, and what time they have available for personal service, if any. It would also assist the committee if the following particulars were furnished:—Make of car, horse-power, date of manufacture, type of body, seating capacity, whether owner or chauffeur drives, telephone number if any, and telegraphic address. Communications should be addressed to the Secretary, A.A. and M.U., Farnham House, Whitcomb Street, Coventry Street, London, W.C.

In the Temple of Mammon

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Any of our readers who may be in doubt as regards their securities can obtain the opinion of our City Editor in the next issue of this journal. Each query must contain the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Those correspondents who do not wish their names to appear must choose an initial or pseudonym. Letters to be addressed to the City Editor, 15, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

A MILD attempt is being made to resuscitate business on the Stock Exchange, and the financial newspapers are now publishing lists of quotations at which they declare business can be done. No doubt some energetic brokers are pushing for trade and getting it, but the bulk of the members of the House are absolutely idle. It would be extremely foolish for anyone to buy anything at the present juncture. No one knows how long the war will last. All the members of the Cabinet, including Lord Kitchener, declare that it will be a long business; the City thinks that everything will be over by Christmas. Why it should hold this optimistic opinion, I don't know. If we had five hundred thousand men in the field there is no doubt that we could do as we liked with the Germans, for it has been clearly proved that every English soldier is as good or better than three Germans. But we have too few in the fighting line, therefore the war must continue until we have all our troops ready or until Russia can advance, and this she cannot do until the frost makes good roads. A long war means steady depreciation of all values; therefore those who buy stocks and shares today will have to face a serious loss of capital, which can only be recovered when the war is over.

The arrangement come to between the Government and the Railway Companies is very satisfactory. The railways will be recouped for their loss in carrying troops, and their traffic receipts will be made up equal to 1913, except in such cases where the traffic receipts for the first half of 1914 show a falling off. Where this has happened a proportionate deduction will be made. This is an extremely fair agreement, and one that will greatly benefit shareholders. At present prices Great Western look cheap, but North-Eastern have not fallen seriously, and if there are any people anxious to buy I should advise holders to get out as trade in the iron and steel districts is definitely bad. Great Eastern round about 40 look a very fair gamble, and we shall probably find that the Southern lines have done well, as they are carrying the whole of the continental traffic, which must be heavy in these days. Broadly speaking, it seems fairly safe to hold on to all railway stocks. The yield is well over 5½ per cent., and although there will be many opportunities of getting higher yields within the next twelve months, there will certainly not be anything that gives a better security.

The talk about re-opening the Stock Exchange still continues, but it is extremely doubtful whether anything will be done. The hesitation is quite excusable. A body of men like the members of the Stock Exchange, closely connected in business, know only too well the position that each one holds to the other, and they know that at least one-third of the members are insolvent, and under the present rule would be immediately hammered on the re-opening of the House. It is determined to avoid a wholesale hammering, though how this will be done is a question to which no one has yet been able to find the answer. That the Government should guarantee the open account is

preposterous and out of all reason. It would make the British taxpayer a "bull" of the stock, and a "bull" who could not under any circumstances whatever win. Whether the Committee could form an eighty million pound trust to carry the account is extremely doubtful. The idea, of course, is to give the banks debentures and thus release the loans. It seems incredible that the banks should accept such a proposition; however, an attempt is to be made to carry this out.

The British Government has now borrowed forty-five millions on Treasury Bills. It cannot go on borrowing in this manner, as there is a limited market for this class of security, and the banks certainly cannot load themselves up with Government paper until they are in a position to liquidate some of their assets. We must not forget that the banks have to pay interest on the paper money they obtain from the Government, and, in addition, to give a floating charge on all their assets. Therefore it would be absurd of them to buy Treasury Bills from the Government which pay between three and four per cent. when they have to borrow from the Government at deposit rates.

The longer the present situation lasts the more convinced I am that we must adopt the plan I suggested in THE ACADEMY when the war broke out—issue paper money not convertible into gold to all and sundry on the security of trustee stocks up to 50 per cent. of their face value. The banks in this way would be put in the possession of about 120 millions of currency, and this would enable them to finance their customers and lend to the Government. It would also help the Stock Exchange very materially, as many of the largest firms have big blocks of gilt-edged stock.

The Associated Portland Cement, considering all things, has not had a bad year. The gross profit is £563,750, and a dividend upon the ordinary could have been paid, but the Board very wisely decide to carry forward £151,000 and pass the dividend. The serious increase in the debenture debt of this company will have a bad effect upon the preference shares, for if the profits fall, and fall they must in the present state of trade, there will be a great deal of difficulty in finding the money for the service of the debenture issue. Pearson and Knowles has made a profit of £98,812, and pay a dividend of 5 per cent., after adding £30,000 to the reserves. This is quite as good as could have been expected. The position is fairly strong. Some short-dated bonds have been issued during the year, consequently cash is up over £82,000. The preference of this well-managed company are an excellent iron and steel security. The Sheepbridge Coal and Iron Company made record profits last year, and this year have succeeded in earning over £217,000. This is quite satisfactory, and 15 per cent. is paid; £70,000 goes to the reserves, and £65,000 is carried forward. There are some big alterations in the balance-sheet, as the company is opening up a new colliery. The capital for this was obtained last year. Cash and Loans have largely increased, but the company is in a thoroughly sound position, for it only owes £50,000 to its creditors.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

Books which help commercial men to right legal action at this time are wanting: there are many books on the political and military aspects of the international struggle, but no work of ready reference for commercial men. Hence there should be a big demand for "Commercial Law in War Time," by Messrs. Clements and Waterson, which Messrs. Wm. Dawson and Sons will publish immediately, price 2s. 6d. net. It will appeal both to lawyers and traders.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS: A COMPLAINT AND A REPLY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—Your review of my book on N.A. Indian mythology has obviously been written by a person who is absolutely ignorant of the principles of the science of mythology and its technicalities. To credit Indian myths with a Roman and even a Sumerian origin is what might have been expected of an antiquary of the end of the eighteenth century.

I recommend to his careful study the works of Frazer, Lang and Gomme, and meanwhile I would advise you to attach to yourself a reviewer who knows at least the A B C of the sciences he deals with. Yours truly,

LEWIS SPENCE.

P.S.—He cites the story of Persephone as being filched by the Sioux! Does he not know that all over the world the belief obtains that to eat the food of the dead restrains the voyager in Hades from returning to earth? As an old journalist and reviewer, I say frankly that this is the sort of thing that makes a paper look silly in the eyes of those who know.—L. S.

Edinburgh, September, 1914.

We append our Reviewer's reply to the above letter:

Dear Sir,—Mr. Spence's letter still leaves us in the dark as to the source from which he drew the tales in his "Myths of the North American Indians." I may, therefore, fairly assume that my guess was well founded, and that he has not obtained them by personal inquiry, but has compiled his book from the works given in the Bibliography appended to it. This is of course, a perfectly allowable proceeding but it makes a considerable difference in one's estimate of the value of his evidence. To put it shortly, if Mr. Spence has exercised due judgment in his compilation, if he has taken care to understand his authors' meaning and has appreciated the difference between first-hand and hearsay statements, his collection might still be useful to the student of comparative mythology, although it would in any case suffer from its lack of detailed reference to his authorities.

So far as I can judge from his letter, he is not likely to have done any of these things. He accuses me of attributing "a Roman and even a Sumerian origin" to some of his stories. I did nothing of the kind, but I suggested that many of them "seemed to owe a good deal to well-known European, Asiatic or African sources," and I gave some instances. Now no Redskin tales were ever committed to writing before the settlement of Europeans in America, and a large proportion of those which Mr. Spence gives us seem to have been preserved for us by Christian missionaries. Hence it has always been considered possible that they have been wholly or in part inspired or coloured by the channels through which they have come. This does not necessarily mean that they have been wilfully misrepresented; but everyone who has had to do with primitive folk knows that they are excessively reluctant to reveal their ideas on the supernatural world to a stranger, and that, when forced to do so, they generally say what they think will be pleasing to their interrogator, and are very likely to repeat as their own some story they have picked up from him or his fellows. Hence it is not astonishing to find Biblical, classical and fairy tales well known on this side of the Atlantic repeated to us as Redskin stories, and the only mistake is to regard them as native to the American soil. This source of error has been pointed out or admitted by anthropologists like Professor Tylor, the late Andrew Lang, and Professor J. G. Frazer, and

Mr. Spence will find the probable source of the Algonquin tales in particular examined in Mr. J. A. Macculloch's "Childhood of Fiction" (Murray, 1905). That the Sumerian literature, the oldest known to us, is at the same time the richest in cosmogonical legends, and is probably the source of all the later ones, including the Creation and Flood parts of Genesis and the Greek myth of Deucalion and Pyrrha, will not be disputed by any Assyriologist.

The confusion on Mr. Spence's part between what I did say and what he thinks I said leads me to conclude that he is not a very careful or accurate collector of facts. His remarks about "the principles of the science of mythology"—meaning thereby apparently comparative mythology—combined with his *dicta* afterwards as to "the A B C of the sciences he deals with" are also surely rather slipshod for "an old journalist and reviewer."

YOUR REVIEWER.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THEOLOGY.

- Codex B and Its Allies: A Study and an Indictment.* Parts I and II. By H. C. Hoskier. (Bernard Quaritch. 30s. net.)
The Challenge of the Age to Christianity. (Charles H. Kelly. 6d. net.)

FICTION.

- Brothers: The True History of a Fight Against Odds.* By H. A. Vachell. (John Murray. 2s. net.)
Ape's Face. By Marion Fox. (John Lane. 6s.)
Perch of the Devil. By Gertrude Atherton. (John Murray. 6s.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

- The Secret History of the Court of Berlin.* Edited by Henry W. Fischer. (John Long. 1s. net.)
England and the British Empire. By A. D. Innes. Vol. III (1689-1802). (Rivingtons. 6s. net.)

VERSE.

- Sound-Wings.* By E. Herrick. (H. R. Allenson. 2s. net.)
In the Time of Apple-Blossom, and Other Poems. By Joan Tamworth. With Frontispiece by Collier Ripley. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. net.)
Poems of the Great War. Published on Behalf of the Prince of Wales' National Relief Fund. Second Edition. (Chatto and Windus. 1s. net.)
Oxford Garlands. Sonnets Selected by R. M. Leonard. (Humphrey Milford. 7d. net.)
Patriotic Poems. Selected by R. M. Leonard. (Humphrey Milford. 7d. net.)
Leaves of Grass. (Selected.) By Walt Whitman. (Charles H. Kelly. 3s. 6d.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Repertory Plays: No. 7: Jean.* By Donald Colquhoun. No. 8: *The Maker of Dreams.* By Oliphant Down. No. 9: *The Dumb and the Blind.* By Harold Chapin. No. 12: *Lonesome-Like.* By Harold Brighouse. (Gowans and Gray. 6d. net each.)
A Theory of Civilisation. By Sholto O. G. Douglas. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)
How Armies Fight. By "Ubique." Illustrated. (Thomas Nelson and Sons. 1s. net.)
My Friends: A Study in Personal Relations. By Rev. H. T. Burgess, LL.D. (6d. net.)
Germany's Swelled Head. By Emil Reich. (Andrew Melrose. 1s. net.)
A War Cookery Book for the Sick and Wounded. Compiled from the Cookery Books by Mrs. Edwards, Miss May Little, etc., by Jessie M. Laurie. (T. Werner Laurie. 6d. net.)

MAKE YOURSELF A PRESENT

Greatly reduced illustration of the Guinea Book choicely bound in genuine limp leather. Gilt edges.



The "Academy's" Offer

In addition to the vocabulary proper containing the latest words there are Glossaries by these noted authorities:

CRICKET.—Lord Hawke.

AVIATION.—Claude Grahame - White, Holder of the Gordon-Bennett Aviation Championship of the World Trophy.

LAWN TENNIS.—Anthony F. Wilding, World's Champion (1910-1911-1912-1913).

FOOTBALL—RUGBY.—J. E. Raphael, Old Oxford "Blue"; English International

(1901-1905); Captain of English XV in the Argentine (1910); Ex-Captain of "Old Merchant Taylors" XV.

FOOTBALL—ASSOCIATION.—W. L. Timmins, Secretary of the Corinthians Football Club.

GOLF.—James Braid, Open Champion (1901-5-6-8-10).

MOTORING.—H. Walter Staner, Editor of "The Autocar."

SOME OF THE EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

Professor Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, King Edward VII. Professor of English Literature in the University of Cambridge.

Professor George Saintsbury, M.A., LL.D., D.Litt., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature University of Edinburgh.

Professor Henry Cecil Kennedy Wyld, B.Litt., Oxon., Professor of English Language and Philology in the University of Liverpool.

Professor I. Gollancz, M.A., Litt.D., F.B.A., University Professor of English Language and Literature, and Dean of the Faculty of Arts, King's College, London.

Frank W. Dyson, F.R.S., LL.D., The Astronomer-Royal.

Professor Foster Watson, M.A., D.Litt., Professor of Education in the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth.

Henry R. Tedder, F.S.A., Secretary and Librarian of the Athenaeum.

Major H. H. Wade, Editor of "The Army Review."

Commander Charles M. Robinson, R.N., Editor of the "Navy and Army" (1905).



Lord CHARLES BERESFORD:—
"The most excellent Dictionary I have ever yet seen. It is typed in clear print, and is not only a full and complete dictionary, but contains vivid illustrations of a most instructive character."

Makes an ideal possession. It is bound in genuine limp leather, stamped in gold, with gilt edges, an Edition de Luxe, and its many literary features make it an essential desk companion.

"THE ACADEMY'S" OFFER.

To all its readers "THE ACADEMY" is able, because of the War, to give the rare opportunity of possessing practically as a gift the Guinea Modern English Dictionary, the latest and ripest produce of modern scholarship. Among its Editorial Contributors are such famous men as Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch ("Q"), Professor Saintsbury, etc. At all booksellers this identical book—bound sumptuously in leather, like a Bible—cannot be had for less than £1 net. Special arrangements have been made by "THE ACADEMY" for a certain limited quantity of these books to be distributed to its readers for a sum of 8s. each, including postage. Application should be made on this form, which can either be cut or copied out.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

To the Dictionary Department,
"THE ACADEMY," 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields,
London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,

I desire to have my name put on the list of applicants for the £1 Edition de Luxe Presentation Copies of the Modern English Dictionary, and enclose cheque (or postal order) for eight shillings in full payment, including postage.—Yours faithfully,

Name (Mr., Mrs., or Miss).....

Address

NOTE.—"The Academy" guarantees to return at once and in full the sum of 8s. to any applicant who, after receiving the Dictionary, is not completely satisfied with it.

Published for the Proprietor by WM. DAWSON & SONS, LIMITED, at Rolls House, Breems Buildings, London, E.C. Branches in Canada: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg; in South Africa: Capetown, Johannesburg, and Durban. Printed by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, 1, 2, and 3, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.